

the Student's Pen



Fall

'63

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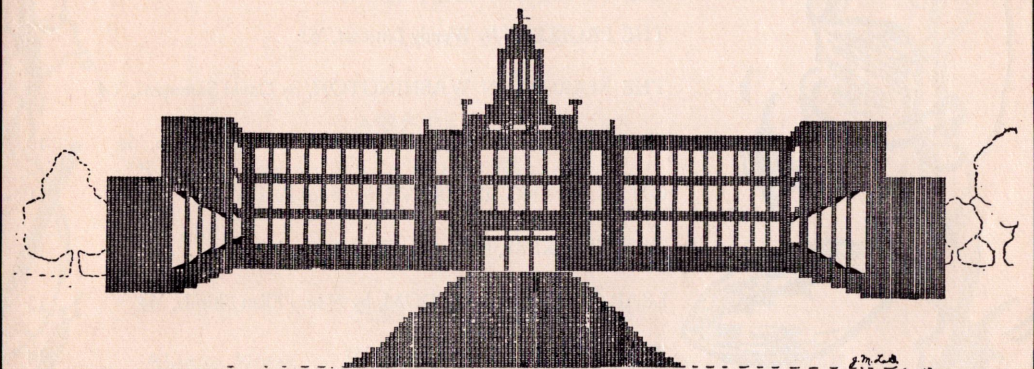
The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

VOL. XLVIII

November, 1963

No. 1



First Place Rating for 1962
Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Published Bi-Monthly by the Students of
Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ANCIENT CHINESE PROVERB SAY, by Kathie Shelton, '64	5
WE SENIORS, by Sandra Abeles, '64	6
OUR NEW ADVISORS	7
THE PROBLEM, by Wendy Linscott, '65	8
THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON, by David Sammons, '64	9
FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW, by Shirley Russo, '64	10
ON LEARNING TO DRIVE, by Bruce Bookless, '65	11
THE THINKERS, by Stephen Rosenbaum, '65	12
LEAP TOWARD FREEDOM, by Nancy Ellen Shields, '64	13
THE ANTS, by Mark Schlawin, '65	14
EXCHANGE PAGE	15
POETRY	16-17
WHO'S WHO AND WHY	18-19
SCHOOL NOTES	20-21
FEATURES	22-23
BOYS' SPORTS	24-26
FREDDIE FOOTBALL PLAYER, by Joan Marco, '64	27
GIRLS' SPORTS	28-29
OTHER LANGUAGES	30-31
NEW FACES AT P.H.S.	32

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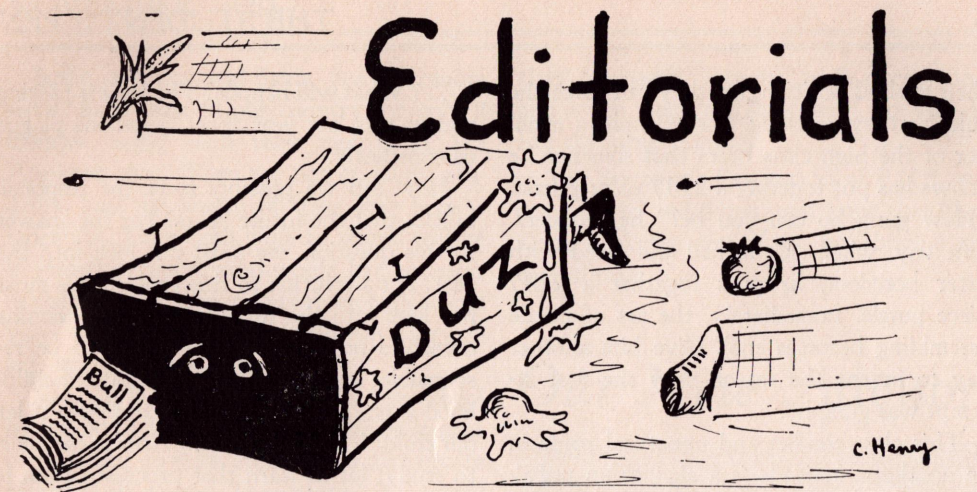
Short Stories

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Ancient Chinese Proverb Say...

By Kathie Shelton, '64

IN CHINA there once was a wealthy class of nobles, merchants and landholders. They had worked and earned their yen many years before, and by the time which I am going to describe, they had forgotten, or perhaps erased, all memories of their hard struggle to the top. In their exalted position, they took pleasure in looking down on the classes below them. One of the lower groups which met with their disgust was led by an energetic youth. He protested against the laziness and the waste of the rich class, which naturally brought their wrath down upon him. He encouraged his followers to act and to enjoy their lives through mental and physical exercise. He told them to ignore social customs and barriers and do as their spirits moved them without embarrassment. This group grew to be called by the name of its young leader—Gung Ho.

In present day the name of this youth is heard often; however, the modern idea described by this term is not a pleasant one. The connotation has strayed from the original meaning.

Today, mainly in the fourteen to twenty-one age group, a "noble" class has arisen. The factors which elevate the members of the caste to their positions are not clearly

understood. However, it is obvious that those elite are self-confident of their place (perhaps it is this self-confidence that boosted them there). Whatever puts them in this special class, must also give them a superiority complex. Members of this class, like those snobbish Chinese, enjoy looking down on others less privileged. They have appointed themselves as judges. Judges of what? Why judges of that mysterious quality that separates them from the plebians, of course! They consider themselves "cool", although they will never publicly admit it. Those outside of their clique are the Gung Ho—a sad end for a noble name.

What distinguishes the Cool from the Gung Ho? Although the Cool are thought to be the higher class, they can be best described as the "do-nothings" as opposed to the Gung Ho, the "do-everythings." The Gung Ho are; the Cool are not. While it seems absurd, the Cool look down on the Gung Ho for their activity. It is cool to be indifferent, to eschew deeply personal opinions, and to maintain a calm, blase attitude. These standards are permanent; the activities which are classed as "cool" or "gung ho" vary in different groups, times, and situations. The flexibility of this system keeps the elite in

their exalted position, for they can make the rules as they go along. For example, a member of the high class hears that someone he knows has put together a 2,017 piece puzzle. "How gung ho can you be?" he wonders. One day, when sick in bed and faced with utter boredom, he puts together a 2,017 piece puzzle. Immediately, the art of puzzle assembling becomes cool. Give him another day to invent the reason why the first attempt was gung-ho.

This class conflict and unnatural pride in an apathetic attitude is a sign of an unbalanced society. Since when has it been bad to do? People should live rather than merely exist. Perhaps things will be amended when it becomes the vogue to be active, that is when it becomes cool to be gung ho.

We Seniors

By Sandra Abeles, '64

HOW long ago were we the timid sophomores? We looked up to the seniors as men of the world, and great heroes; they were almost gods. They were considered to be holy, and when one ever nodded his head in acknowledgment, we, so humble and low, felt honored. But time is slippery and as soon as we grasped a second, it quickly passed. So did tenth grade go. Then we were juniors, we still admired the seniors, although they seemed much more human.

Finally our great hour has come; we are the senior class. Are we men of the world and the great heroes, the gods? I am safe in answering, "No." For the most part we are adolescents. We are apprehensive, realizing there is only one year left. One year. That seems like such a long time until we look back into the past and recall how quickly the tenth, then the eleventh, grade slipped by. Only one year is left to look into the future. Only one year is left to start planning for our adult lives.

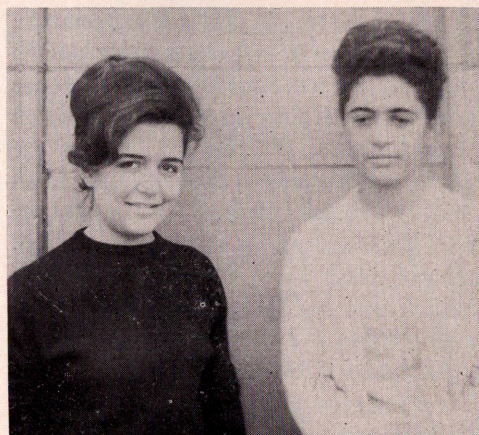
Should I go to college? Should I just get a job? Should I join the armed forces? Should

I . . . ? What will happen? The time is passing and in this last year these questions plague us constantly.

How can we possibly meet the responsibilities that the future bears? For the answer to this question, we must not look into the past. For a solution to this problem we must not look into the future. We must examine ourselves now. Now is the time to be responsible; let us accept the fact that our childhood is gradually slipping by, and with it let our childish attitudes pass. Now is the time to study; let us learn that procrastination is one of those childish attitudes. Now is the time to cooperate; let us realize that in order to live in society, we must aid others and better the whole, for by doing so, we aid ourselves.

Students From the East

By Holly Hinman, '64 and Irene Harris, '64



Any mention of the country Iran has always evoked pictures of ragged children in open-air markets, old men hand-weaving rugs, deserts dotted with oil derricks and billionaire sheiks. At least that's how it's been up to now! But it just is not so, say Susan and Simin Kasrai, of Teheran, the capital of Iran. In fact, Iran is, in many ways, very much like our own country.

Susan, a senior, and Simin, her sophomore sister, have been in our country for only 2 months, living with their mother at 113 Appleton Ave. They are not exchange students, and the length of their stay here is indefinite. They both wish to attend college in America. Simin, who would like to major in chemistry, will spend her three high school years at P.H.S., but Susan will leave for college with the class of '64.

In Iran, Susan and Simin went to school from 8:30 to 4:00, and although their studies were similar to ours, each carried many more majors than we do. They attended a school of 500 girls, for in Iran, boys and girls are usually in separate schools until they enter college. Their school week contained 5 days, including Saturday, with Friday free in deference to the Moslem Sabbath.

In preparation for their studies in the United States, Susan and Simin each took two years of English and a thorough course in American History. At their school, they worked harder and received more homework than we do, but they were not expected to participate in extra-curricular activities nearly to the extent we are. There were after-school sports, however, and both girls played basketball and volleyball.

Here at P.H.S., Susan and Simin take the usual College Preparatory subjects. When in a hurry, they take notes in mysterious-looking Persian, their native language, and later translate them into English. It is, of course, somewhat difficult for them to understand our idiomatic English, but their speech and understanding are rapidly improving as they are exposed to the language.

Although Iran is close to Russia, the influence of America is very great there, and the general feeling toward our country is one of respect and good-will. Susan and Simin have taken a great liking to our country, our city, and especially our school. Both the teachers and the students, they say, are very warm, friendly, and helpful, and not much different from those in Iran. They tell us

that teen-agers, Eastern or Western, dress and act in much the same way; like and dislike the same things.

THE STUDENT'S PEN and all of P.H.S. welcome Susan and Simin, and hope that they, along with the rest of us, will have a successful year.

Our New Advisors



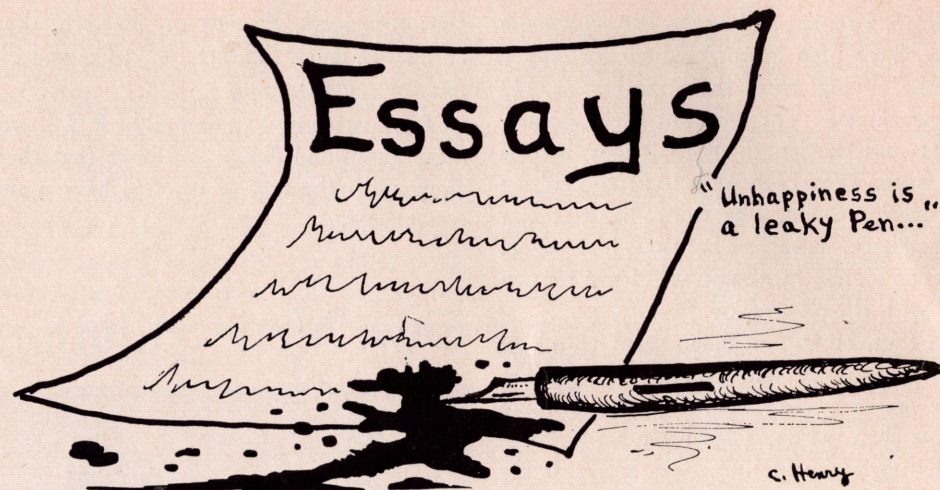
MISS VERCHOT

Miss Ellen Verchot is the new advisor to the literary staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN. She has formerly been advisor to the newspaper and yearbook in schools in Newfoundland and Spain, and she has been the advisor for the Williams High Yearbook in Stockbridge. Miss Verchot teaches Junior English. This is her second year at Pittsfield High.

MISS BATTAINI

Miss Theresa Battaini is this year's advertising advisor to THE STUDENT'S PEN. She teaches Stenography I, College Prep Typing I, and College Prep Commercial Typing II. She has been a member of the P.H.S. faculty for the past two years.

All the staff members wish to welcome their two new advisors.



The Problem

By Wendy Linscott, '65

EVERY day at the end of third period I am faced with the Problem, and every day I become more and more discouraged as I become convinced that there is no perfect solution.

The Problem is this: how can I get to my locker and then down to the cafeteria in time to get a seat and eat a leisurely (five minute) lunch? This may not sound serious, but there are four underlying factors that combine to make it an Impossible Problem. They are: 1. third period on the first floor; 2. a third floor locker; 3. cafeteria in the basement; 4. no student elevators.

No matter how quickly I get out of 110, (I must have it down to half a second by now) I always get caught in a student jam at the foot of the up stairs. Frankly, I would rather be in the middle of a football scrimmage, for even the most gentle student becomes a pushing, clawing maniac when he finds himself in the midst of this struggling mass. Once on the open stairway it is a mad dash up two flights and a quick sprint down the hall. After I get books for my last three

classes, I am faced with the agonizingly slow and crowded struggle down to the basement. Of course, by the time I have reached the cafeteria there are no seats left so I am forced to wait until someone finishes before I sit down. At this point I am so exhausted that I would sit on the floor if I could.

You are probably wondering why I do not wait until after lunch to go to my locker. There is, however, a drawback to this plan too. My fourth period class is in 142, so that I would have to eat quickly in order to have time to toil up three flights to my locker and rush back down two to the first floor.

The only other solution I have come upon so far is to carry books for all six classes all day so I need not go to my locker at all. This plan, too, is far from perfect for it often leads to back strain and sore arms.

In short, my Problem is insoluble. Looking on the bright side though, it does involve quite a bit of exercise. Bonnie Prudden, take heart. Anyone with this Problem has got to be physically fit unless he wants to miss lunch.

The March on Washington

By David Sammons, '64

ON AUGUST 28, 1963, I had the privilege and honor to represent myself, my church and my community in the march on Washington for Negro jobs and freedom. It was one of the most profound and stimulating events of my entire life. It was a day that I can never forget.

Our group of sixty-eight persons in the entire crowd of 210,000 seemed so small, and yet, so very large and important. We were there representing Pittsfield and Berkshire County and we were, indeed, quite proud of the distinction. Although we didn't realize it at the time, we were part of a vast throng, the largest in the history of the United States to gather and march in protest of a particular current event.

How had this all come about? What had led us to decide to charter those two buses, to spend two sleepless nights on the road and an exhausting day in the mid-summer heat of Washington? Maybe we went for excitement, maybe we went for the spectacle of the event or maybe we went because we truly supported the demands of the Negro populace of this country. Maybe we agreed with the march leaders who saw "the Washington March as wrapping up the dreams, hopes, ambitions, tears and prayers of millions who have lived for this day." We all had our own particular reasons but maybe we each went for all of these reasons . . .

That entire Wednesday was exhausting. At 9:30 a. m. our bus entered the outskirts of Washington. We did not see the first signs of the march here, however. At 4:00 a. m. that morning we had stopped at a special turnpike bus stop, well equipped to handle large crowds. At that stop there were 30 of some 1,700 buses that eventually entered the Capital. As we entered the suburbs of the District of Columbia, we were amazed at the joyous, yet almost heartbreaking, wel-

come. The streets were lined with waving, smiling, shouting, crying, singing, laughing people who were delighted and overjoyed with each bus that came slowly down the street. We felt almost like liberators; perhaps that was exactly what we were. Only time will tell.

The efficient police department soon found parking facilities for us in front of the new State Department Building, about two blocks north of the Lincoln Memorial, and by 10:30 a. m. we were enjoying an early lunch, put up for us by our local NAACP, packed in ice chests and served fresh and cool.

Then the March started. About 11:20 a. m. we unfurled our blue felt banner, took up our signs and joined the parade marching down Constitution Avenue, lined with television cameras, reporters, photographers and observers. By 12:40 p. m. we had arrived at the Lincoln Memorial and staked out a small patch of shady, grassy ground under a tree in one of the numerous parks surrounding the mall in front of the Memorial. There we were, our small band of marchers, trying desperately to stay together, and, yet, not really caring if we were separated. We were quickly being assimilated into the giant throng. Every person there was a stranger but we were all friends, all part of a big family. We all had common beliefs and dreams and aims for the future. Dr. Martin Luther King summed up the theme of the whole day and sent us all home with a feeling that the trip had truly been worthwhile. He was sad but still optimistic. He had a dream, a dream for the future, a dream "deeply rooted in the American dream," as he put it. "I dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal' . . . I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state

sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice . . . that one day my four little children will live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character," he said to the resounding applause of the tremendous crowd.

And so the day ended. We left Washington with the faith that we would "be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope." We had that wonderful feeling that comes with success, with a job well done and, thus, we returned home, arriving in Pittsfield at 9:00 a. m. Thursday, a tired but happy group of people.

From a Girl's Point of View

By Shirley Russo, '64

A GIRL is the team's best friend. She faithfully attends every football game. She buys ribbons and beat tags to show for whom she is proudly rooting. Yet, ask a girl during a game what is happening, and I guarantee she will come up with some of the funniest answers you will ever hear.

Don't get flustered, girls! I've come to the rescue. After attending football games for three years, I think, (Oh well, let's not be modest) I *know* all there is to know about football. After my short lesson, you will be able to attend football games without nudging that old man next to you for information.

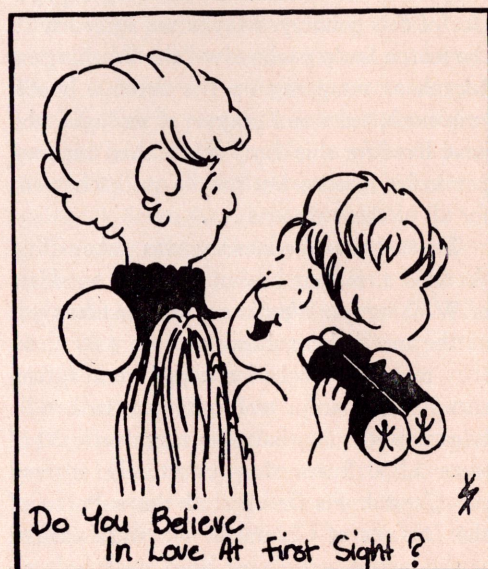
One last tip before I divulge my invaluable knowledge, when you are studying these be sure you are in a place of extreme solitude, (you'll need it, to retain the knowledge you will acquire).

Hold onto your beanies; here they are:

1. When everyone stands at the beginning of the game, you are supposed to keep silent. The reason?—it's time to check the beautiful talent standing so straight and tall on the field.

2. Everyone cheers when a first down is made. Cheer along with them, it means our player was the first to get knocked down by the other team. Because of their stupidity, we get the ball back to try again. If they keep up this "pushy" business for four times we get to punt the pigskin and get a touchdown. That will teach them not to be so aggressive.
3. The hush of the crowd is unbearable as everyone waits for the kickoff. The center gracefully strolls up to the ball, does a few ballet steps, then kicks with every ounce of strength he has. The way everyone runs into everyone else's arms causes a tear to trickle. It reminds you of Old Home Week on a college campus.
4. The red penalty flag brings a sigh from the crowd. It brings a "stop" for the players. It gives time for the boys to tie their shoe laces, or get a drink.

Well girls, that's about all the knowledge I have. I hope you understood my four easy lessons, and I am sure they will prepare you for the next game. The male race shall dominate no longer on such topics as football, for we females are moving up!



On Learning To Drive

By Bruce Bookless, '65

THE instructor handed me the keys as he got into the car. Well, here we go again, another day, another accident. Why do they always happen to me? I must be accident prone.

Plugging the keys into what I thought was the ignition, I got the shock of my life! Taking a pencil, I gingerly removed the keys from the cigarette lighter. After that, we got off to a fairly good start. All went well for about ten minutes when a bee flew in the window and fell down my back. Boy, then you could have seen some driving. I was passing cars as if they were going in the other direction. Then I realized something; they *were* going in the other direction and I was in the wrong lane! To make matters worse one of my fine feathered friends . . . (no comments, please) . . . dropped me a greeting, right in the middle of the windshield! It wasn't very nice of him . . . her . . . IT, because now I really couldn't see where I was going. So I did what any red-blooded student driver would do—screamed! Very calmly (nothing excites these guys) the instructor suggested I use the brakes. Brakes? Now? Well, he asked for it. Calmly extricating himself from the windshield, the instructor told me to sit in the back seat, and let an observer take over. This seemed sort of strange to me, as all of the observers were tangled up in the front seat too.

Gee, flunked again, and it's only my 38th lesson!

At a football game—

Bruce: See number 3? He's going to be the best man next year!

Carla: Oh! This is so sudden!

Jim Scullary: Last night I had a dream that I was eating a five-pound marshmallow.

Bob Shade: So what?

Jim Scullary: This morning, my pillow was gone!

Phil J.: Girls don't interest me. I prefer the companionship of the guys in my own class.

Phil C.: Yeah, I know what you mean—I'm broke, too!



ROUND TABLE

Freshman: I don't know.

Sophomore: I'm not prepared to say.

Junior: I don't remember.

Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to this discussion that hasn't already been said.

Billy: Are you fond of nuts?

Sue: Is this a proposal?

Mr. Carey: Name the fiftieth state.

Joan Marco: Huh? Why . . . ah . . .

Mr. Carey: Correct!

Short

Stories

The Thinkers

By Stephen Rosenbaum, '65

THE fluorescent lamp flickers over the stained and cracked mirror. A half empty whiskey bottle stands on the bar where its last user left it uncapped. Next to it are three glasses propped against one another for support, while a thin stream of liquid trickles from one rim. And in the dim corner, faintly illuminated by the dim glow of the unshaded lamp, stand the thinkers, waiting and anticipating.

How long had they been there? Ever since he opened the place, I guess. What about the little egg? Has it hatched yet? In their secluded corner, they go untouched by time, standing with toes and fingers crossed, necks straining, in their vigil over the egg. They do not speak and if they could what would they say—just the meaningless inanities of life. What thoughts flash through their minds, as they stare fixedly at the oval which lies in front of them? Do they symbolize anything or are they merely four things grouped into a conversational arrangement? Possibly they signify man's hope for the impossible, his insatiable curiosity. Maybe . . .

Out on the sidewalk a drunk totters by, clutching his life in one hand, while he gropes out with the other looking for support. His bottle drops and shatters on the littered con-

crete pavement, but he does not even realize. He wanders past the bar and the flickering fixture captures his attention. For a few moments he stares at the thinkers and in his stupor he becomes a fifth hoping soul. But what can a derelict hope for? What can this egg do for him? It is nothing. Casually he picks up a rock from the leaf-clogged gutter and summoning all his strength throws it through the bar window, bringing down the plate glass in a shower of pieces.

From its chain the fluorescent tube hangs rakishly, making the pieces of glass sparkle in a pool of liquor from the dropped bottle. On the floor was the plaster egg, cracked and crumbled into fine pieces. In the distance the drunk mumbles incoherently as he goes from one light post to the next, pausing in the light forming grotesque shadows on the walls. And in the corner the thinkers are still hoping, unaffected by what has just happened. After a final flicker the light burns out, leaving the thinkers to their uninterrupted reverie, while from the street corner come sounds of agony from the drunk, writhing in the terrors of the DT's, as the street light casts long fingers of naked light past the broken bar window, trying to penetrate this dark hole.



Leap Toward Freedom

By Nancyellen Shields, '64

I HAVE never known the night to be so silent and still. There are no stars out tonight, but it does not matter. I gave up wishing on stars years ago. This afternoon's rainstorm has passed, but it left behind a lingering mist to obscure my vision. Even so, what is out there to see that I have not seen a thousand times before? It is just an ugly old wall. In the three years I have been stationed at this guard post, I have become quite an authority on that wall. I used to wonder and dream about what was behind that barrier. I tried to picture myself on the other side. By dreaming I could do all the things I had always wanted to do. It was like a separate piece of Heaven here on Earth. But when I woke up from my dreams, that same wall was there, standing in my way, making me a prisoner from all my hopes and desires. Some people call it the Berlin Wall, because of the fact that it divides East and West Berlin. To us on this side, it is not the Berlin Wall, but a grim reminder of the despicable life which we lead, a life without a future.

Several months ago I got my first glimpse of what was on the other side of that barrier. One of the other guards had made an attempt to flee over the wall. He was shot and allowed to lie in "no man's land" until he died. I was not at the wall when it happened, but the next day all of the guards were given a special ride past his grave. It was meant to give us a glimpse of what happens to those who try to flee over the wall and was presumed to discourage any further attempts to reach freedom. Since that day I have been doing a great deal of thinking about trying to cross that seemingly insurmountable barrier which lies before me. All of us on this side have thought about reaching freedom at one time or another. Some of us have discarded the idea as being too impossible and too costly a

risk to take, for the penalty of death hovers over those who try and fail. Others like myself have seriously considered making our move toward freedom. You might ask what makes us different from the rest? Do we have more courage, more daring, more defiance of danger? I can only speak for myself. I'm not courageous or daring. I look upon fleeing as a break toward freedom, for to me there is nothing in this world which I desire except freedom. What about the consequences? To me meeting death in the pursuit of my own desires is not death but life. Death is standing here on this side of the wall looking at what might be mine.

Everything is ready. Tonight is the night that I make my leap toward freedom. I have debated long enough. It is now or never. One last glance back into the past, and then I step forward into the future. I have passed the first step in my plan, the decision, but now comes the most crucial part. There is no shelter in "no man's land," just a wide expanse of land between me and my goal. I have to run, run as I never have before. They have not discovered me yet. I have just passed the place where the guard was shot and left to die. Suddenly lights flash, and shots fill the air. Freedom is so close. It is just a few yards away. I can make it. I must make it. I can feel my body being pitted by the bullets. My uniform is stained with my blood.

I made my choice and was willing to suffer the consequences. Though I will never reach freedom, I feel as though I have done my little part in helping to secure it for all. I made progress from where the last guard died to where I now lie dying. Maybe the next person will go further and reach freedom. If it becomes necessary for people to obtain freedom only by sacrificing themselves singly, then it must be done; for freedom is too precious to live without.

The Ants

By Mark Schlawin, '65

LITTLE Fred was sitting on his driveway watching ants. He squashed a few by bouncing a rubber ball on them. Then he watched the ants some more. He saw them carry away the ant bodies and clear the hole of the next. The ants carried the sand bits to the edge of the little mound, grain by grain. Big pieces, larger than several ants, would be pushed along by a single ant. The cone shape of the mound returned. Fred bounced the ball on them again as soon as they had rebuilt the ant hill, and watched the process start over.

Then, tired of the miniature struggle, he rose to his feet, scuffed the whole nest over with his dirty sneaker, and went into the house. His baby sister was sitting on the floor, crying. He saw a small safety pin open, scratching her, so he closed the pin, picked her up, and put her inside her play pen. Fred was not basically a cruel boy.

That afternoon, at Bob's house, Fred saw Bob's brother and another boy starting little fires of dry grass with a magnifying glass. Fred watched them reflectively, then went home. He found his father's stamp magnifier and brought it outside. Fred burned little holes in paper, burned the palm of his hand and set a dead leaf on fire. Suddenly Fred saw the ants on his driveway.

He ran little circles of heat around them, watched them closely with the glass, and compared the various bug anatomies. Then he took the plunge, and disintegrated one ant, then another in little spots of black smoke. Soon Fred waited methodically, burning each ant as it slipped out of the nest. He found that the ants lived a longer time if the focus was not as great, so he slanted the magnifying glass and watched the ants squirm. He killed them one by one.

A very small boy lost a ball in the road,

and started to cry. Seeing this, Fred ran out and grabbed the ball, tossing it playfully at the smaller child.

Ant burning became a habit with Fred. After school he would always spend a few minutes, if the sun were out, killing his ants one by one. After one intensive session, Fred stopped and watched them carry their varied burdens into the nest. Something in the jaws of one was still wriggling. Fred looked closer with his magnifier.

The burden was a little man. Fred jumped back, astonished.

"A little man!"

"Man from space!"

Fred wondered if there were more. He saw another ant carrying a little man. Another. And another. Fred saw the direction of the returning ants, and examined their path to see if there were more men and what their source might be.

A small disk, as big as a silver dollar, was hidden in grass at the driveway's edge. No little men were in immediate sight, however.

The ants were pushing around looking for their victims. Fred paused a minute to think, then he went into the house.

Fred rummaged through a drawer for some construction paper. He filled a jar cap with sugar, then sprinkled a few drops of water into it.

Outside, he placed the jar cap on the opposite side of the driveway. He then built a barricade of construction paper around the ants on the other side, all around to the sugar.

"The sugar will attract the ants, and the paper will make sure they don't go to the other side," Fred mumbled. "That will protect the men."

Then Fred went over to the little men's disk and sat down. He tested the magnifying glass in the intense sunlight. Then he settled down to wait for the little men to come out, one by one . . .

Exchange Page

Every year Pittsfield High exchanges magazines with various schools, both private and public. In return for sending THE PEN to these schools, P.H.S. receives their literary magazines. The following excerpts are taken from the newspapers of some of these schools.

From the *Cauldron* of West Orange High School, West Orange, New Jersey.

NOT WITH A WHIMPER

By Nanette Krike, '63

You should not grieve for summer now gone by

It did not fade from weakened loss of breath
But bravely and with dignity met death

In a pink-flaming autumn sunset sky.

Nature, even, does not seem to mourn—

The trees are clothed in colors hot and bright;

The rosy hope of sunrise follows night,

With the blue sky as cool as they are warm.

The trees must soon stand naked in the snow,

'Tis true indeed, beneath cold winter's skies.

Fear not that they will miss the clothes they wore,

For warmed by hope are they because they know

A new green summer phoenix-like will arise
From the moist leaf-ashes of the forest floor.

From *The Scribe* of Williston Academy, Easthampton, Mass.

WET SAND

By Paul Nowak, '63

Soft falls

The water

Of time

Upon the sands

Of the mind—

Drift now

While you can,

Sweet thought,

While young,

While beautiful.

From the 1313 of Tuley High School, Chicago, Ill.

OF LOLLIPOPS AND THINGS

By Cheryl Mikota, '65

No teddy bears hanging by their clothes-pinned ears;

No faithful wooden steeds to bear me
Over hot playroom sands.

Long ago the jump-ropes, and jacks, and roller skates.

The funny milk mustache;

Now no stockings by my fireplace

Nor orange lollipopped tongue;

I've lost the key to Wonderland.

From the *Crest*, of Heights High School, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

CONTEMPLATIONS OF A DILETTANTE

By Dan Whitman

Man's distrust for his fellow man is never more manifest than in the existence of the lock and key.

* * *

Why is it that man sees beauty in himself only when he is miserable?

* * *

Man's every action is governed by selfishness and the prospect of happiness.

* * *

Man's greatest conflict is a battle between his desire to be secure and his longing to be superior and independent.

* * *

Cynics and hermits are merely lazy.

* * *

The most secure stones of a pyramid are those at the bottom.

* * *

"Good" is that arbitrary quality which one nation sets up so it can deny it to its opponents.

:: :: POETRY :: ::

AUTUMN

By Linda Thompson, '64

The maple tree is fiery red
The oak and elms are tinged with gold.
It is Autumn—
The season of beauty.

The chestnuts fall to beds of leaves.
The flowers recede to dampened earth.
It is Autumn—
The season of sleep.

The birds aim south in perfect V's
The squirrels are gathering winter goods.
It is Autumn—
The season of migration.

The world is wrapt in chilly splendor.
The people smile, rosy-cheeked.
It is Autumn—
The season of seasons.

THOUGHTS ON GROWING

By Diane Curley, '65

You do not understand me or see me or hear me.
You do not know who I am or what I am.
You do not know my wishes or dreams
And cannot perceive my heart.
You are impatient with my ideas,
Have little respect for my opinions.
You become angry with my way of life
And dissatisfied with my goals.
But one day, yes, one day, I will surprise you—
You will wake up and see me as I really am:
Far better, far greater than you could ever have imagined.
No longer will I seem a mystery or a problem.
No longer will you think me undecided or childish.
You will laugh at past anxiety,
Forget the gnawing pain.
But for *now*—for *now*—I must ask a simple favor:
Please—just ACCEPT me.

ALONE

By Kathie Shelton, '64

In the smooth white world I call my bed,
I stretch the sheets above my head.
Mummy-like I silent lie
And watch the night world flicker by;
And, after night has passed away,
I grimace to greet another day.
As I have for years before
And weep to think there will be more.

The shade is up. The sun rays glare,
Dispel the beauty, bake the air,
Reveal grey-green my tended plants
as sickly growths, as homes for ants.
But in the moonlight, they seem to be
a silver-hued forest lee.

But as the plants need light to grow,
So must I live. So out I go
Into the glaring, burning wild—
A world to whom I am not child.
The world is brass, while I am grey.
My hours are meek when I'm away
From home. My calm cool isle.
I think of it. I gently smile.

It is a refuge, a picture box
Wherein dwells Hope with curly locks.
There I am young and gay again
And you, but one of many men
Who laugh and beg a smile from me,
Whose phantom faces seem to be
Always there when yours is not.
I pretend not to care a jot.

But I am empty, sad, alone;
And in my darkness, often a moan
Will rise to challenge in my breast.
But I push it back like all the rest,
For it is a thought from the outside world.
And, here within, I'm still the girl
Who knows you wait outside the door,
Who'll fling it wide as times before,
Who'll find you absent, but stifle sorrow;
For I know you'll be there . . . tomorrow.

NOVEMBER, 1963

17

MAN'S DESTINY

By Patricia Horelly, '65

I looked out my window and there stood
A man of wood—
Cold, hard, unconquerable.
I looked out my window and there stood
A man of sand—
Cold, hard, indestructible.
I looked out again to see neither
A man of sand—
Nor a man of wood.
Nothing was left
Save cold ashes and scattered grains
Of humanity.

JONESY AT THE PIGSKIN

By Linda Thompson, '64

The day was cold and windy;
The teams were tired and worn.
The score was in tight deadlock;
The coaches could have sworn.

There was a knocking from the sidelines;
It was only the cheerleaders' knees,
Accompanied so musically
By the trumpet player's sneeze.

The dogs were having a free-for-all
Running across the field.
The people were bundled from head to toe,
Hoping the wind would yield.

When all seemed dark and gloomy,
(I still giggle to remember),
I heard the cry, "I give up!"
From a lonely Pep Club member.

But suddenly from the sidelines,
As the crowd began to roar,
Our hero Jonesy came running out.
There would be a tie no more!

Jonesy entered the huddle—
There was a decision to make.
Jonesy talked to the other team,
Now the tension would break.

I'd gladly tell you the rest, fans;
But I'm afraid I must admit—
The players, too, felt the biting cold.
They threw up their helmets and quit!

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By Linda Thompson, '64

I have two eyes to see with—
I have a heart to love with—
I have a mind to think with—
Let me thank the Lord!
I have the gift of life.

TEARS

By Helen Kittler, '65

Tears,
they mean hope—
and grief,
the grief of loss,
the loss of love,
the love of a boy.

Hands,
they mean friendliness,
and warmth,
the warmth of contentment,
the contentment of peace,
the peace of love.

Hearts,
they have hope—
and agony,
the agony of parting,
the parting of souls,
the souls of happiness.

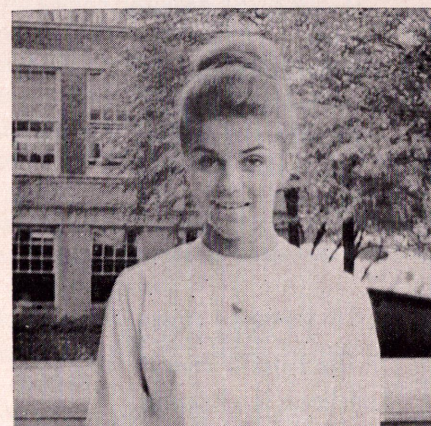
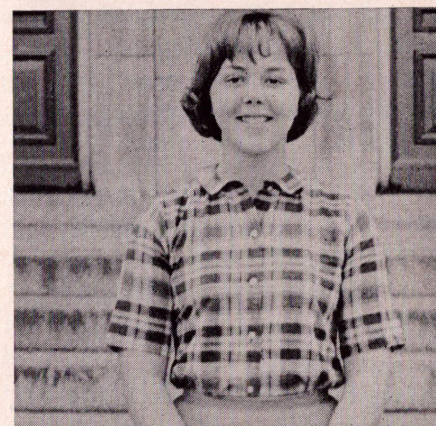
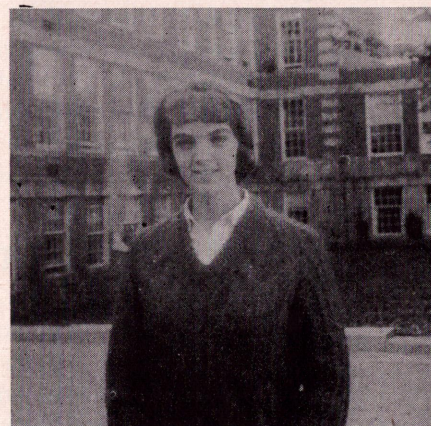
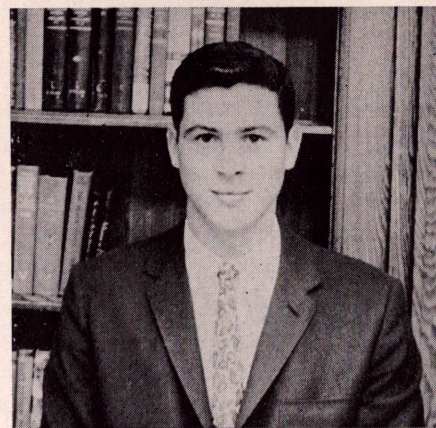
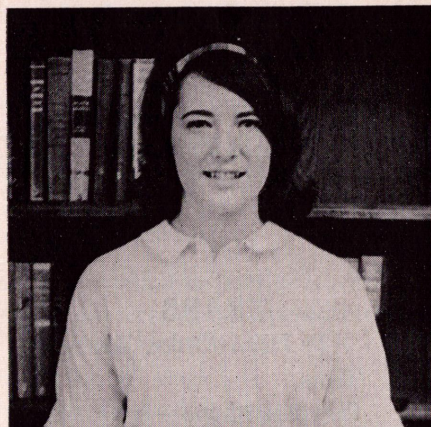
Love,
it means sorrow—
and moans,
the moans of passion,
the passion of lovers,
lovers of tears.

LONELINESS

By Patricia Horelly, '65

Loneliness is a monster
which snarls, bites, and tears.
In its poisonous fangs is
the venom of sadness.
Beware, Beware, Beware!

WHO'S WHO



AND WHY

SANDY ABELES

Even though she is very active in school activities, Sandy Abeles finds enough time to get good marks. For three years she has been on the Honor Roll and has carried two honor courses. This year she was chosen a National Merit Semi-Finalist.

This rough class schedule does not keep her out of school activities. Sandy finds time for the Pep Club, G.A.A., Choraleers, and Cadettes. Last year she was on the Junior Prom Decorating Committee. This year she is an assistant editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* and the editor of the *Dome*. Her future plans include college, preferably Barnard.

JUDY WILLIAMS

Meet Judy Williams, an outstanding member of the senior class. This year, Judy is the advertising manager and the German editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. For the past three years she has been a member of G.A.A. and Pep Club. Judy, known to someone as "Fraulein" and to most others as "Tree," is a member of the Classroom Scenes Committee of the *Dome*. Her outside activities include membership in Sigma Tri-Hi-Y. She is a college prep student carrying English honors. Her future plans include college where, according to her present interest, she may major in turtle-ology.

PAM BLEWITT

I am sure that most of you have either seen or heard of Pam Blewitt, captain of our varsity cheerleaders. Besides this activity, she is a co-editor of essays for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, a member of G.A.A. and Pep Club, and a member of the History Committee for the *Dome*. She was on the Decorating Committee for the Junior Prom. Pam is a college prep student in English and History Honors. She hopes to attend the University of Rochester School of Nursing; she plans for a career in this field.

BILL MARTIN

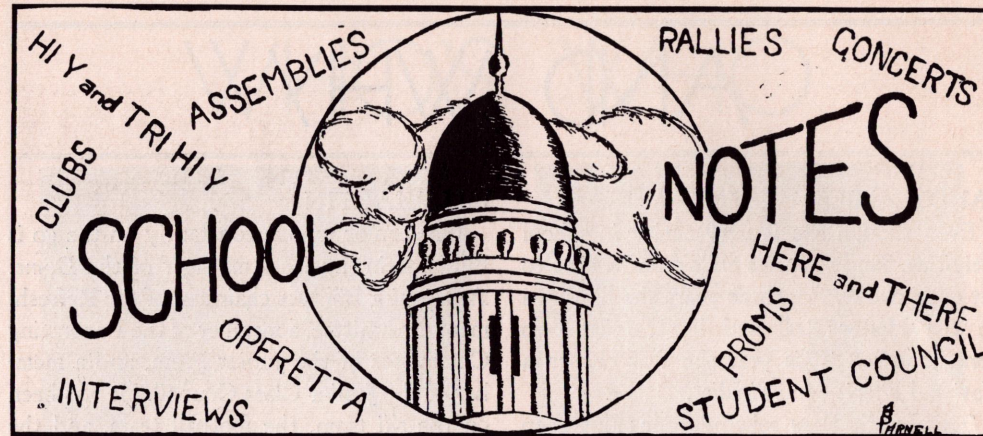
One senior who is constantly on the go is Bill Martin, business manager of the *Dome*. As a junior Bill was chairman of the Refreshment Committee, a member of the Decorating Committee of the Junior Prom, and a member of the Junior Class Council. He has been on the ski team, the football team, and the track team. He is an active member of the Pep Club. For the past two years Bill has been a homeroom representative, and this year he is on the Senior Class Council. Bill, a college preparatory student in Math honors, is headed for college next fall.

KATHIE SHELTON

Meet Kathie Shelton, the present editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Kathie has been in English Honors for the past three years; during those years, she has been a member of G.A.A. and Pep Club. In her sophomore year she was a homeroom representative. Since her junior year she has been a member of Cadettes. She served on the Junior Prom Decorating Committee (palm tree division). Last year she was chosen as Pittsfield High's representative to Girls' State. Next year she will attend college where she plans to major in Russian Studies.

MAXINE ZAIKEN

Meet Max Zaiken, a prominent member of the senior class. Max is the present president of the Girls' Athletic Association, an active member of Pep Club and the Senior Cadette manager. Suiting her interest in sports, she is co-editor of Girls' Sports for *THE PEN*. This year Maxine is chairman for the Cadette Fashion Show and she is on the Classroom Scenes Committee of the yearbook. As a junior she was a homeroom representative. Maxine is a college prep student carrying math honors. College is in her future and she plans to major in psychology at Syracuse University.



YEARBOOK NOTES

The efforts of the large staff of seniors, presently hard at work on the yearbook, should be well rewarded when *The Dome* comes out in the spring. It promises to be bigger and better than ever.

Editor-in-chief, Sandra Abeles; Art, Charles Henry, Judy Goldstein; Faculty, Joanna Smith, Phil Caropresso; Classroom Scenes, Peter Simkin, Linda Thompson; Statistics, Elizabeth Wilson, Michael Metzler; Classroom Activities, Denise Wendell, Stuart Rispler; Boys' Sports, Dick Forman, Aris Damiani; Girls' Sports, Paula Thompson, Lynne Swaine; Class History, Irene Harris, Lorna Spalding; Circulation, Lea Ahlen, Phil Jacoby; Photography, Al Jaffe; Dedication, Holly Hinman; Senior Pictures, John Cooper, Diane Hashim, David Sammons. The faculty advisors are Miss Guiltinan, Miss Haylon, and Miss Enright.

RETAIL SALES NEWS

The Retail Sales Class has formed its own club made up solely of members of the class again this year. The first organizational meeting was held on Monday, September 16, when they voted unanimously to join the Distributive Education Clubs of America (D. E. C. A.). Officers elected at this time were: Jack Irwin, president; Donna Calderella, vice-president; Jenny Coppola, secretary; and Jim Chapman, treasurer. Barbara Kidd volunteered for the job of publicity manager. The members of last year's Retail

Sales Class have been invited to form a D. E. C. A. alumni group. They will advise and take part in the major activities.

At the second meeting, they voted to visit the Berkshire Leather Company and to have guest speakers come in at least once a month. They chose the name "Jr. Merchants of '64."

At future meetings, they will decide on a speaker-tour agenda, and plan social and business activities for the year. The class hopes to hold the Christmas Coffee Hour for all teachers at P.H.S. as they did last year.

TRI-HI-Y AND HI-Y NOTES

Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y clubs at the Y.M.C.A. have started again this year. There are now three active clubs. The officers are as follows:

THETA: President, Mary McColigan; vice-president, Gail Alcombright; secretary, Eileen Satrape; treasurer, Pat Maloney; chaplain, Linda Satrape; and warden, Starlene Whitney.

SIGMA: President, Nancy Binder; vice-president, Sue Arthur; secretary, Linda Lovejoy; treasurer, Kevyn Smith; chaplain, Bethany Lincoln; and historian, Teddy Politis.

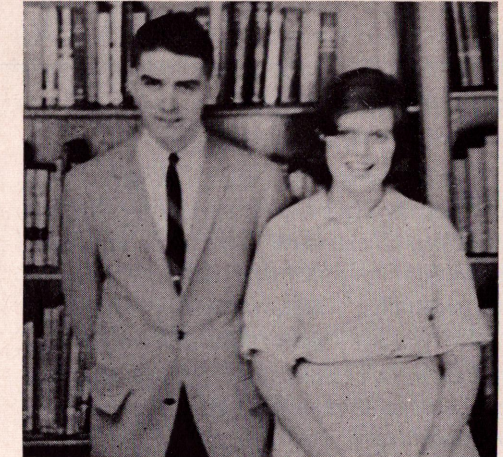
PHI: president, Art Delusky; boys' vice-president, Bill Martin; girls' vice-president, Marian Cimini; secretary, Michelle Sisselman; treasurer, Keith Tooley; and chaplain, Nancy Geoffrion.

Sigma has filled its membership quota, but Theta and Phi have room for new members. Interested students may speak with Mary McColigan, Nancy Binder, or Art Delusky.

MUSIC NOTES

The addition of two new faces in the P.H.S. Music Department is perhaps the most notable feature in Room 108. But the faces of Miss Alfonse and Mr. Bournazian are not to be the only novel changes. Several innovations are being added to the role which the Music Department will play this year. For example, the school chorus, which has not functioned in the past to a large extent, plans to give a Christmas pageant and a spring festival. In addition to this, a trip to the New England Conservatory of Music and a performance at the Western Massachusetts Festival are being planned. The chorus, under the direction of Miss Alfonse, rehearses twice a week and its members receive two credits this year in contrast to the one rehearsal per week and one credit value of past years.

The band, under the direction of Mr. Bournazian, has been carrying on the traditional meetings at rallies and football games, and it marched at the Halloween and Veterans' Day parades. Mr. Bournazian will also direct the orchestra at the Christmas program and the spring concert. The band will participate in this latter performance also.



PEP CLUB NEWS

The first organizational meeting of the Pep Club was held September 18, when eight hundred members joined. The next meeting was devoted to introducing the varsity cheerleaders and some new cheers. On October 2, the members elected Jeff Whitehouse, president; Nancy Binder, secretary; Karen Bonniver and Jimmy Treat, junior representatives; and Mary Garvey and Robert Lewis, sophomore representatives.

Nancy Binder, Pep Club secretary and Senior Girls' vice-president, has been a member of Pep Club for three years and a junior representative, a member of the junior class council, and a member of the Student Council for two years. She was Student Council secretary in her junior year. For three years she has been a member of G.A.A., and last year was girl's vice-president and on the Junior Prom Decorating Committee.

As Pep Club president, Jeff plans many new features for our cheering section. This new duty, combined with an after-school job, will keep him as busy now as he has always been. In his sophomore and junior years he was a homeroom representative; last year he was a member of the Junior Class Council, and he was co-chairman of the Ring Committee. A College Prep student, Jeff plans to attend college next year.

Just think... Someone Somewhere has Mr. Novak for English!



:: :: FEATURES :: ::

THE IDEAL BULLETIN

November 32, 1963

Tomorrow will be a double A period plus B period day. In order to account for this, we have had to eliminate periods one and two. Released time students please follow the regular procedure; others repeat A period for B period. Follow these directions explicitly.

Teachers: Try-outs for School Mascot will be held at 2:45 today. Requirements: be yourself.

Recommended reading for December:—*Trials and Tribulations of a Teen-Age Jelly-bean* by Pat Horelly.

Attention, Seniors: Any students interested in Country Club College in Hawaii please notify Mrs. Good in the guidance office.

Attention, Sophomores: You may now purchase your "I am a sophomore" pins from either Jo Junior in room 369 or Stan Senior in room 201½. Cost—17c each or 19c a dozen.

The Class that normally meets in room 330 1st period has been reported missing ever since the cabinets were put up this October. Finders keepers.

TRICK OR TREAT?

That haunting holiday of Halloween has come and gone. Here are some of the disguised characters we saw trick or treating:

KAREN BONNIVIER as Long John Silver
MR. CARTY as a pumpkin
COACH COLLINS as a cheerleader
JOHN CULVER as Bullwinkle
MR. DALEY as a binary Compound
TOM GRIEVE as Frank N. Stein
MR. HERRICK as a slave driver
PHIL JACOBY as a water boy
PETER ROBBIE as Bob Dylan
DAVE SOUTHARD as a ballet dancer
STUDENTS OF P.H.S. as "children of leisure"
DICKIE WALSH as "The Ugly American."
JIMMY TREAT as a trick, or is it a Treat?

T.V. PROGRAMS

Checkmate—The lobby

The Match Game—Well, the G.A.A. dance is only 4 months away.

Route 66—Don't you know these are "down" stairs?

The Virginian—Mr. Brophy

The Lone Ranger—You're sure Tommy Grieve won't date Senior girls?

Saturday Night At the Movies—For the date-less senior girls.

Petticoat Junction—Or, who stole my gym blouse?

My Favorite Martian—Horrigan, put that antenna back where it came from?!

Fight of the Week—Marco vs. Little

Teenage Barn—The Armory

Password—Who took my cheat-sheet?

Dennis the Menace—Cranwell's gift to P.H.S.

Hennessey—Well kids, if you don't know by now . . .

QUOTATIONS

Old quotes can be made modern by the addition of a few words. Like . . .

"All Gaul (gall) is divided into three parts"—sophomores, juniors and seniors.

"The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows" so don't anybody throw marbles in our lobby!

"Fight until the last gasp"—College boards are here.

"Unquiet meals make ill digestions" so get your elbow out of my sandwich!

"Birds of a feather will gather together" Gregbird and Joycebird.

"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him"—Mr. McKenna.

"The world belongs to the enthusiast who keeps cool"—like Jaff maybe?

"Haste maketh waste" teachers patrolling the halls between classes.

"History is bunk" seniors will agree.

"Happy days are here again" It's Friday!

NOVEMBER, 1963

23

W.P.H.S. MUSICAL MIXUP

"Talk to Me"—By Lea Ahlen to Ron Gilardi.

"Wonderful, Wonderful"—Dedicated to our football team.

"Come Back"—Dedicated to last year's senior boys.

"Point Panic"—One of Col Brophy's history tests.

"I'm Confessin"—I didn't do my French homework, Miss Curtin!

"Walking Proud"—Dedicated to the wonderful seniors.

"Everybody Go Home"—By the detention teachers.

"I Can't Stay Mad At You"—By Joan Marco to Bob Little, monthly.

"I'm Leaving It All Up To You"—By the sophomores to the Cheerleaders at the rallies.

"Sugar Shack"—Dedicated to our modern cafeteria.

"My Boyfriend's Back"—By Linda Melvin to Dave Southard, sheepishly.

"Fools Rush In"—Dedicated to the fourth period Physics Class in 330.

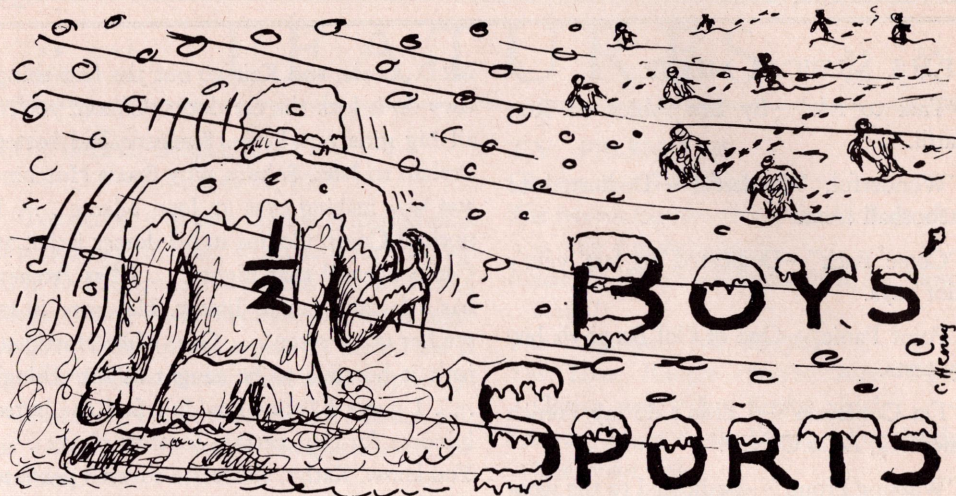
"A Love So Fine"—Dedicated to Polly and John.

CASEY'S COLUMN

Well, fans, I'm back again after a long summer rest (I didn't even peek in any keyholes!) and I've discovered some choice bits of information . . . "Turf" has been signed up as this year's big hope for the track team. Seems she's always outrunning at least one boy . . . It seems odd that every time Jaff,

McD., Susie, and Keir go out the first thing they do is lock the car doors. C'mon, you're all big girls now! . . . Someone had better explain to Mrs. Solnica why Bruce Hutchinson was making eyes at Joan Marco . . . I noticed Coach Collins in his dinner jacket at Camp Merrill that night . . . Miss Archey has a faithful fan in Jimmy. He drops in to see her quite often . . . Gee, Mike Horrigan, isn't it horrible to be caught at something? . . . I guess Maxine couldn't find the horse blinders for that certain football player . . . You know, Kathy, chocolate-covered peanuts can mar your French accent. By the way, how do you find the time to answer all those letters? . . . I wonder why Sam Russo left town so quickly that weekend? Maybe Billy knows . . . Will the real "magic marker wielder" please stand up? Don't worry, Lea, you'll catch 'em yet . . . I hear Joan has been in a state of shock ever since she saw Debby shopping for her own clothes . . . Dave and Phil left the dance in a hurry when someone told them that Coach Gleason had just walked in . . . Not even the Colonel's loud rebel yell could wake up the "Sleeping Beauty" of the third period history class . . . If Vic Maguire ever offers you a ride on a rainy day, make sure he has enough gas to get you home. Right, Dec and Dianne? . . . Dianne Viner finds that the scent of "Canoe" drifts all the way from Vermont . . . Pat and Carm are faithfully keeping up their correspondence . . . Linda Melvin's lucky number has changed from 27 to 33 . . . Eleanor just can't seem to remember her own name . . . The band has been doing a mean cha-cha . . . Tommy DiCicco has been doing push-ups during study period, much to the delight of a certain new teacher . . . Well, that's about all for this time, but remember, I'll be watching you 'til Susie Trepacz has a good word for "St. Joey" boys and Shirley Russo doesn't!

Sean O'Casey



OUR TWO NEW COACHES

This year we have two new additions to our football coaching staff. They are Matthew Collins, line coach, and Joseph Murello, jayvee coach.

Coach Collins, a native of Lanesboro and former P.H.S. star center played from 1956 to '58. In his '57 season he captained the team and was also a member of the All-Berkshire squad. Before attending Pittsfield High Collins attended Berkshire Prep in Sheffield; after graduation from P.H.S. he entered Brewster Academy for post-graduate work and there he was a co-captain. At the University of Mass. Coach Collins started at center in his sophomore and junior years. He was sidelined with a knee injury as a senior. While at Pittsfield High he played hockey and track where as a senior he set a Western Mass. pole vault record. He teaches math here at the high school.

Coach Murello was educated in Revere and graduated from Revere High in 1958 where he lettered in football, baseball, basketball and track. He played halfback and quarterback on his squad. In 1962 he graduated from the University of Michigan where he majored in physical education. While at Michigan where he played third base and catcher he was chosen as an All-American baseball player. Mr. Murello was on the Michigan team that won the NCAA tournament crown. This club also defeated Japan in

the International World Series in Hawaii. Following his graduation from college, Coach signed a contract with the San Francisco Giants, but a shoulder injury sustained in his sophomore year in college became worse and he decided to give up a career in the majors. He now teaches at Crosby and South and is working on his bachelors degree at Boston University.

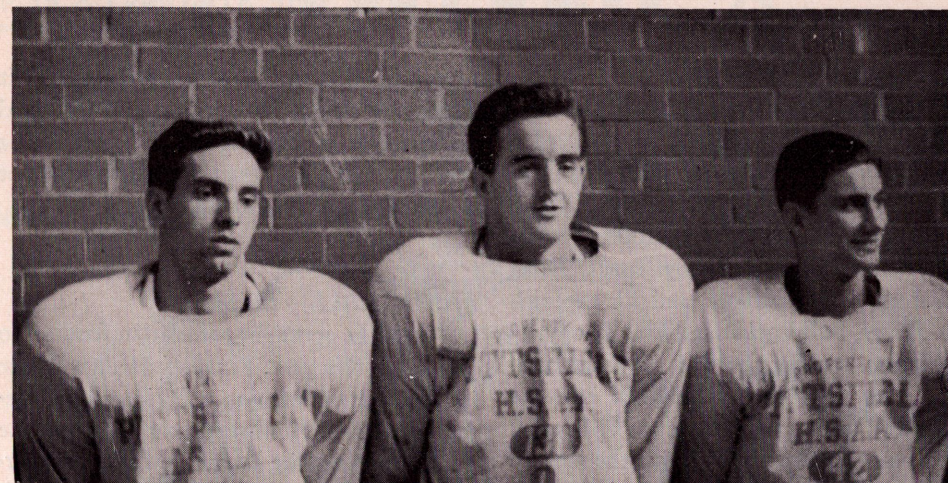
We look forward to having these two coaches along with our present staff of Head Coach Joseph Gleason and Defensive Coach George Redmen for many more successful seasons.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

The Physical Education Department is offering boys a highly expanded intramural sports program this year. According to Coaches Redman and Benedetti, the program, now in its second year, includes such new sports as soccer, volleyball, and track and field events, as well as last year's popular programs of basketball, wrestling, and softball.

Both coaches feel that the six sports now offered will give all boys ample opportunity to practice skills taught in the Physical Education program, whether or not they are accomplished athletes.

All boys should take advantage of this opportunity to participate in the well-rounded intramural sports program this year.



BOB LUCIDO

One of the co-captains of the football team this year is Bob Lucido who plays line backer on defense and left end on offense. As a vocational, machine shop student at P.H.S., Bob is active in intramural basketball and often plays basketball at the Boys' Club. As co-captain, his job is to set a good example, keep up morale, and keep the players going during a game. When asked about his success in football, Bob modestly replied, "Just lucky."

DAVE REILLY

The other co-captain is Dave Reilly. Dave, who plays right tackle on the team, is a commercial student and vice president of the senior class. He takes part in the intramural program and is also on the track team. Promoting spirit and giving rally speeches are two of Dave's responsibilities as a co-captain. He said that giving speeches was "a terrible obligation." Dave hopes to major in physical education in college; his goal is to play college ball.

PHIL JACOBY

Phil Jacoby, Pittsfield High's defensive co-captain is a very active member of the senior class. His activities in school have ranged from intramural sports to student council. Phil is active at the Y, Boys' Club, and C.Y.C. He took part in Boys' State at the University of Mass. As defensive cap-

tain he called signals and kept up the morale in the defensive huddle during the football season this year. This is the first year that P.H.S. had a defensive captain and the first year they used the new "monster" defense. This defense was a great aid to the success of the team.

Phil is a college prep student with math and science honors; he plans to further his education at college.

WHERE'S THE PEP, CLUB?

If you asked the average student how the hockey team did last year he would probably think you had lost your mind. He not only would not know how they fared, he might not even know there was a team! If such apathy existed during the football or basketball season, there would probably be a double assembly, with coaches and captains imploring the school to come out to the game and "get behind the team 100%." This school in the past few years hasn't been behind the hockey team .10%! There are many points in their favor: the team works and practices very hard; the Boys' Club is an excellent place to watch a game; and hockey is a very exciting sport. We on the Boys' Sports Staff urge all of you to go to the games and cheer the team on.

Ques.: How does an elephant put his head in a crocodile's mouth?

Ans.: Very carefully!

FOOTBALL STATISTICS

Late last August, Football Coach Joe Gleason and his assistants greeted about seventy aspirants for the school team. Eleven of these candidates were returning lettermen. These included Dave Southard, Mike Rohlf, Denny Boyer, Clint Stowers, Bobby James, Mike Massaconi, Al Ambrose, and Co-captains Dave Reilly, Bob Lucido and Phil Jacoby.

The team was cut to about sixty members. These sixty were then subdivided into the varsity and junior varsity teams. Thirty-five were chosen for the varsity while the remaining were placed on the junior varsity squad.

PRE-SEASON LOOK AT THE P.H.S. HOCKEY TEAM

This year, Coach Blowe expects the team to do better than they did last year. In the 1962-1963 season their record was two games won, six games lost, with one tie. This year, though the team lost seven good men, we can expect a solid core to be formed around senior letterman and team captain Denny Miller, and senior lettermen Bob Frick and Tom McCormick. Backing them will be junior lettermen Mike Massaconi, Don Rochelo, Bob James, Paul Brassard, Jim Powers, Dan Walsh, and Denny Le Claire. Returning for another season will be Paul Cantarella, Paul Brazeau, Rodger Boyington, Joe Healy, Al Lonzin, Jim Wynn, Don Lucaroni, and Marc Morgenstein. The coach thinks that these fine players plus the expected sophomore crop will hit the 500 mark this year.

A new innovation will be a 6:30 A. M. practice on Tuesdays and Thursdays and the practice from 3:00 P. M. to 4:00 P. M. on Mondays and Wednesdays. The team will officially start on November 18th, although practice will be held prior to this time. The team's first game will be at R.P.I. on November 20th with Troy Catholic. A return game is planned with them in Pittsfield at a later date. As usual, the team will play other prep school and high school teams. A game with

a Springfield local school is quite possible. It is believed that all home games will be played on Saturday evenings at 7:00. Because of the schedule being only partly filled, it will not be released until a later date.

BASKETBALL—'63-'64

When the spotlight turns from football to basketball this year, Pittsfield High will face its competition with an experienced and determined team. Pittsfield finished third in the Northern Berkshire League last year and certainly hopes to rewin the title this year. With seven veterans as a nucleus, Coach Moynihan has ample material with which to work. He intends to form three teams this year. Twelve or possibly fifteen boys will be carried on the varsity, and fifteen each on both the jayvee and sophomore teams. This sophomore team is something new that Coach Moynihan is starting to encourage and develop more boys. The team has been practicing informally during the off-season under the supervision of its two able co-captains, Bob Decelles and Art Delusky. The Veterans from last year are Dave Southard, Pete Ellsworth, Mike Handerek, Denny Conry and Charley Simonelli. In addition to its regular schedule, Pittsfield will play several independent contests and hopes to enroll in tournament play. Coach Moynihan stresses the importance of these non-league games because, though they do not have any direct effect on the Northern Berkshire League, they do reflect upon Pittsfield's over-all season record. All home games will be played at the Pittsfield Boys' Club. Pittsfield will be hampered by its restricted use of the High School gym, but should nevertheless have a highly successful season.

Gypsy: I charge two dollars for two questions.

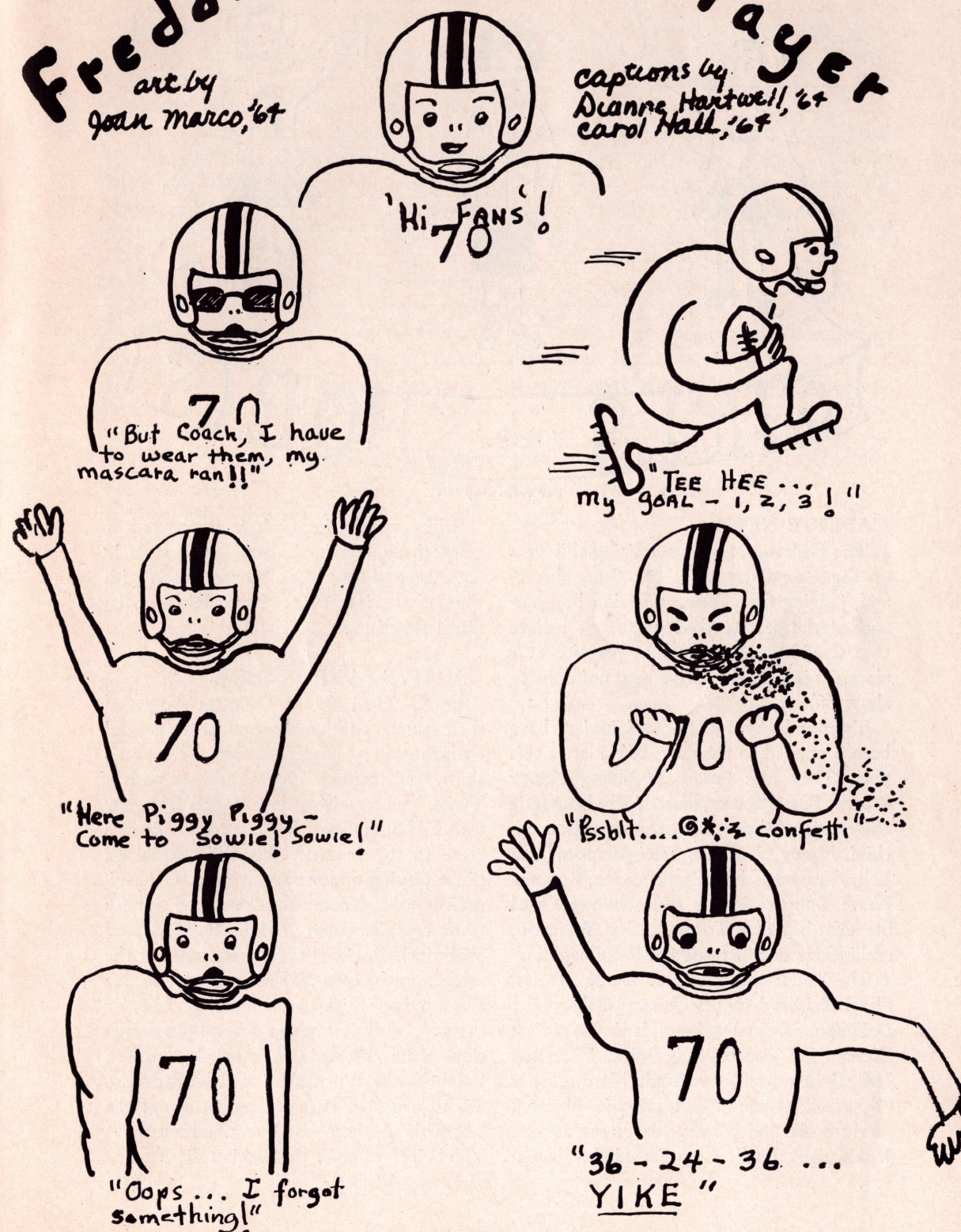
Lady: Isn't that a lot?

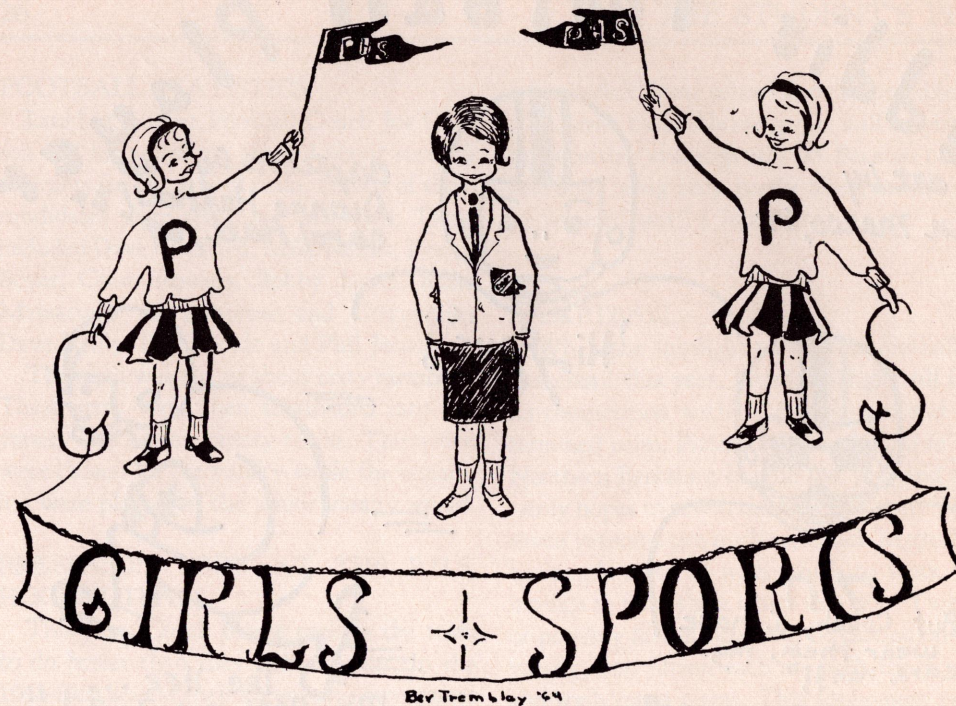
Gypsy: Yes, and what is your second question?

Freddie Football Player

art by
Joan Marco, '64

captions by
Dianne Hartwell, '64
Carol Hall, '64





CADETTE NEWS

The Cadettes started practicing this year on the second day of school, September 5, and, judging from their professional appearance at the past football games, we believe that they have been hard at practice ever since. This year they have new uniforms to show off.

Twenty lucky and talented juniors have been promoted to the ranks of Cadettes this year. They are: Susan Anderson, Nancy Brown, Susan Butler, Pat Ciuffreda, Maria DiGeorgis, Athene Demos, Diana Domenichini, Nancy Geoffrion, Patti Johnson, Joan Kelly, Kerry Meehan, Pam Munson, Rosanna Pierce, Margaret Plante, Chris Sharkey, Carol Stentiford, Janice Tower, Mary Whitman, and officers Sue Carmell and Pat Coughlin.

The Senior Cadettes are: Sandra Abeles, Carol Bradford, Mary Jane Callahan, Pat DeFillipo, Louise Dorfman, Janie Farr, Pam Gleason, Pat Gleason, Judy Goldstein, Arlene Jaffe, Debbie McCarty, Rindy Norton, Sally O'Donnell, Ruth Paszit, Kathie Shelton, Andy Snell, and officers Margaret Frazitta, Jane Knight, Joan Marco, and Linda Thompson.

Senior and junior Cadette managers are respectively, Maxine Zaiken, and Pam Beehler. Also assisting Miss MacNaughton with the Cadettes is a new teacher at P.H.S., Miss Carol Madison.

CADETTE FASHION SHOW

On October 22, the Cadettes sponsored their Annual Fashion Show under the general chairmanship of Maxine Zaiken. This year's show was entitled "Teen Fashions with a Twist," where eighty lovely girls from our own P.H.S. modeled fashions from Textile's Store to the tune of Cheryl McCormick's piano playing, and Miss Ann Nugent's imaginative fashion commentation. The varsity team captains from P.H.S., St. Joe, and Wahconah Regional were seen assisting the models on the stage. The big door prize was a seven-day cruise to Bermuda for two, or the cash equivalent. Also, several gift certificates were donated by Textile's and ten tickets to the World's Fair by the Berkshire Travel Agency. Before listing the model's names the Cadettes wish to thank all those who helped to make this fashion show a success.

The models are as follows:

Pamela Blewitt, Linda Robertson, Susan O'Donnell, Carrie Ziemak, Linda Melvin, Rosalind Cutler, Lois Shallet, Roberta Bole, Susan Kirchner, Maryann Giddings, Pamela Beehler, Rosemary DiMartino, Joan Marco, Madeline Zahn, Linda Person, Catherine Porter, Carol Adler, Ruthann Fessenden, Deborah Butler, Sandra Beitzel, Susan Butler, Carole Turner, Patricia Herd, Carol Selin, Kristine Eklund, Linda Foley, Carla Guitan, Susan Lazerus, Joan Kelly, Sandra Gull, Joanne Duff, Joann Ryan, Dolores Powers, Margo Marsten, Pamela Munson, Judith Masengo, Kathie Wineman, Geri Petruzella, Susan Anderson, Elizabeth Wilson, Catherine Rainforth, Pamela Marsten, Pat Morrissey, Joan McClintock, Pam Gleason, Pat Gleason, Carol Coppola, Gail Brogan, Margaret Hoeske, Jean Carmell, Rosalind Walsh, Janet Farrell, Katherine Slocum, Gail Dancert, Barbara Coffey, Cheryl Major, Mary Giannone, Christine Stychinski, Paula Berringer, Wanda Pittman, Laurie Pelletier, Marcia Aronstein, Carole Bradford, Sally O'Donnell, Elizabeth Funke, Jayne Knight, Karen Wigglesworth, Nancy Gribbon, Kerry Meehan, Christine Sharkey, Linda Ricci, Athene Demos, Charlene Sims, Janice Tower, Pamela Argentino, Pat Coughlin, Bev Trembly, Linda Roberts, Nancy Wilson, and Linda Newman.

G.A.A. NEWS

A dual purpose assembly was held Wednesday, September 18 in the auditorium, marking the beginning of the 1963 G.A.A. membership drive, and also the start of Girls Club drive for senior high members. The assembly, attended by all Pittsfield High girls, included a description of the program available at the Girls Club by Miss June Bowman, Executive Director, and Mrs. Erica Wynn, Swimming Director. The girls were also introduced to the new Assistant Director, Miss Helen Forrest.

During the last half of the assembly officers

of the G.A.A. briefly described the plans which G.A.A. has to offer this year. The officers are Maxine Zaiken, President; Jean Keir, Vice President; Patti Johnston, Secretary; and Paula Thompson, Treasurer. Board members include Chris Eulian, Francine Duda, Diane Curley, Lynne Swaine, Pat Morrissey, Debby Connor, Linda Thompson, and Ruth Paszit. A successful year to both the Girls Club and to G.A.A.

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

The annual membership drive was held in September. During this drive approximately 700 girls showed their interest and enthusiasm by joining G.A.A. These girls are in for another fun-filled year as witnessed by the huge success of G.A.A.'s first scheduled event, the annual pizza party.

PIZZA PARTY

On Thursday, October 17, G.A.A. held its first event of the year, a pizza party. A general meeting was first held in the auditorium where plans for the year were discussed. Here the names of two lucky members drawn for free season basketball tickets. After the meeting everyone stuffed themselves with pizza and Coke.

SPORTS FOR ALL

School has once more replaced the gay, summertime activities, but this does not mean that you can't still enjoy some of your favorite sports. At the moment Miss Morgan and Miss MacNaughton, our capable and experienced gym instructors, have taken care of the final stages of the field hockey tournament. Soon they will begin the volleyball round robin tournament. If you wish to participate there is a place for you on a round robin team. The P.H.S. Physical Education Department is open to all and all are welcome to use the facilities. The only qualification for participation in these activities is your interest and as you will quickly learn, every girl regardless of ability can have a good time.

OTHER LANGUAGES

LATIN CAVETE

Omnes vos discipuli Vergili, cavete! Illi Romani dei antiqui de quibus legitis omnes non sunt mortui. Unus existit adhuc, et vos jaculari licet si cauti non estis.

Juno Jovi nubebat cuius filia erat Venus (memintote eius?!). Venus habuit duos filios. Unus erat Aeneas (nos omnes de eo scimus). Alter, frater Aeneae, arcum et sagittam portat et populum jaculari amat.

Ergo, discipuli Pittsfieldi Alti Ludi, cavete! Illa puella pulchra aut puer pulcher sit frater Aeneae in integumento, temptans vos decipere. Memintote—Cupido est semper ibi, aliquo.

* * * * *

IN LUDO (In School)

Magister: "Luci, scribe necessitates vitae."
Lucius scribit 'Parentes'.

* * * * *

Marcus: "Tibi gratiam habeo ad omnem scientiam quam habeo."

Magister: "Noli memorare tale paulum."

* * * * *

Magister: "Decem annis quot antiquus aliquis hodie natus habebit?"

Lucius: "Estne aliquis vir aut femina?"

* * * * *

Magister: "Merguntne Romanae naves saepe?"

Marcus: "Non, modo semel."

SPANISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

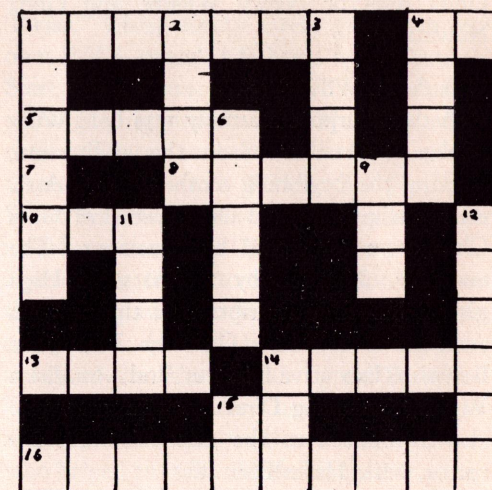
By Joe Healy, '64

ACROSS

- 1 to wait for
- 4 He is
- 5 Potatoes
- 7 Or
- 8 Luck
- 10 Their
- 13 Table
- 14 To play (an instrument)
- 15 Yes
- 16 Library

DOWN

- 1 Wife
- 2 Those (F.)
- 3 To laugh
- 4 East
- 6 To climb
- 9 As
- 11 Six
- 12 Leg
- 14 Uncle
- 15 If



GERMAN

In einer Familie sind Zwillinge. Die Mutter wird gefragt: "Machen denn Ihre Zwillinge nicht einen schrecklichen Lärm?" Die Antwort lautet: "Ach, das ist nicht so schlimm. Der eine brüllt immer so laut, dass man den anderen nicht hört."

* * * * *

WIEVIELE AUTOS?

Auf einem Parkplatz standen in der ersten Reihe zwei graue Autos, die übrigen waren schwarz. Das eine graue war der sechste von links, das andere das achte von rechts; zwischen ihnen standen drei schwarze. Wieviel Autos standen da?

(Antwort: Es waren neun Autos, Reihenfolge derselben:
schwarz, grau, schwarz,
schwarz, schwarz, grau
schwarz, schwarz, schwarz.)

* * * * *

SPANISH

C.¿ Que haria usted si usted encuentre un perro comiendo el diccionario de usted?

R. Saque usted las palabras fuera su boca.

* * * * *

NOVEMBER, 1963

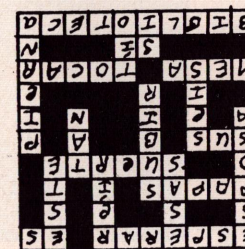
31

UN QUESTIONNAIRE SUR LA FRANCE

1. Marseille est un port sur la cote de la —.
2. "Carmen" est un opera de —.
3. Le — francais est tricolore.
4. Le chef de l'etat francais est le — — — —.
5. La fete nationale francaise a lieu de 14 —.
6. L'Arc de Triomphe se trouve sur la place de — a Paris.
7. En France, sur les routes, les autos tiennent leur —.
8. L'Universite de Paris s'appelle la —.

LES REPONSES

8. Sorbonne
7. droite
6. l'Etoile
5. juillet
4. President de la Republique
3. drapeau
2. Georges Bizet
1. Mediterranee



Customer: Say, you're giving me a lot of bone, aren't you?

Butcher: Oh no, Miss, you're paying for it.

First driver (on a one-way bridge): I never back up for an idiot!

Teenage driver (shifting into reverse): Par-don me, I always do.

UN EXAMEN

Choisissez l'expression anglaise qui correspond a l'expression francaise.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Coup de grace | A. False step |
| 2. Double entendre | B. Blow of mercy |
| 3. Par excellence | C. To know how to do |
| 4. Faux pas | D. By excellence |
| 5. Savoir faire | E. Spirit of body |
| 6. Esprit de corps | F. Double meaning |
| 7. a la mode | G. Without care |
| 8. dernier cri | H. Latest thing |
| 9. mauvais gout | I. In the fashion |
| 10. sans souci | J. Bad taste |

* * * * *

POUR RIRE

Le Juge: Voyons, Madame, est-ce bien vrai que vous avez tourne a gauche apres avoir fait signe que vous vouliez tourner a droite?

La dame: Oui, Monsieur l'juge, mais j'avais les doigts croises.

* * * * *

Le chauffeur de taxi: Alors, monsieur, qu'est-ce que vous preferez a Paris: Notre Dame, le Louvre l'Etoile, la tour Eiffel . . . ?

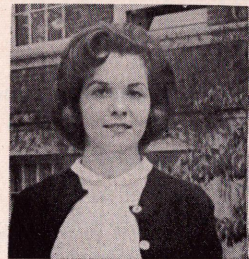
L'homme: Je ne sais pas, je regardais tout le temps le compteur.

* * * * *

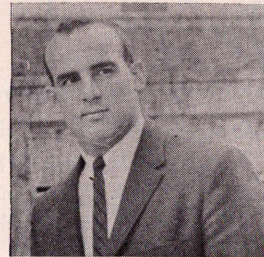
Mr. Fazio: What was the outstanding accomplishment of the Romans?

Jeff Nicholson: They understood Latin.

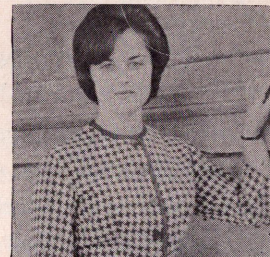
NEW FACES AT P.H.S.



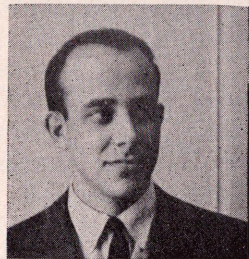
Miss Blaisi



Mr. Collins



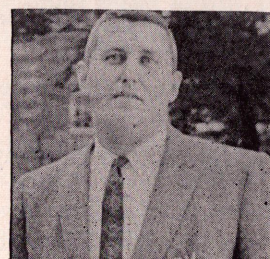
Miss Madison



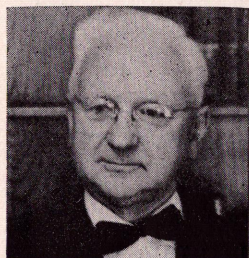
Mr. Brookner



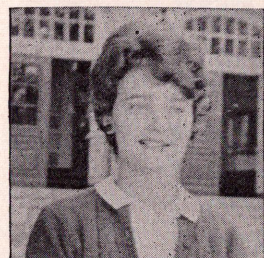
Miss Alfonse



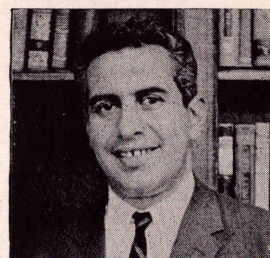
Mr. Daley



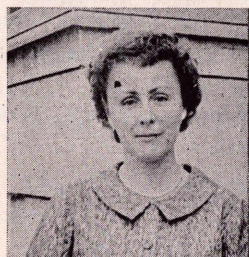
Mr. Hamilton



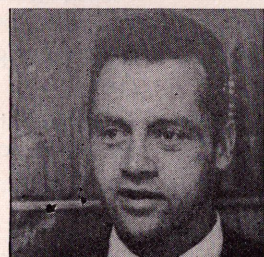
Miss McMahon



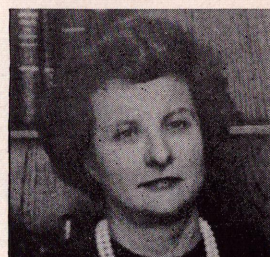
Mr. Intriere



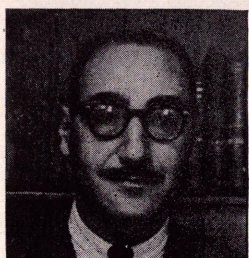
Mrs. Thomas



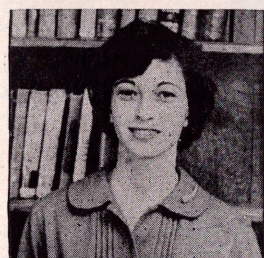
Mr. McAndrews



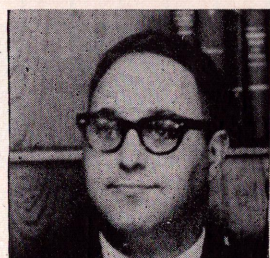
Miss Currier



Mr. Bournazian



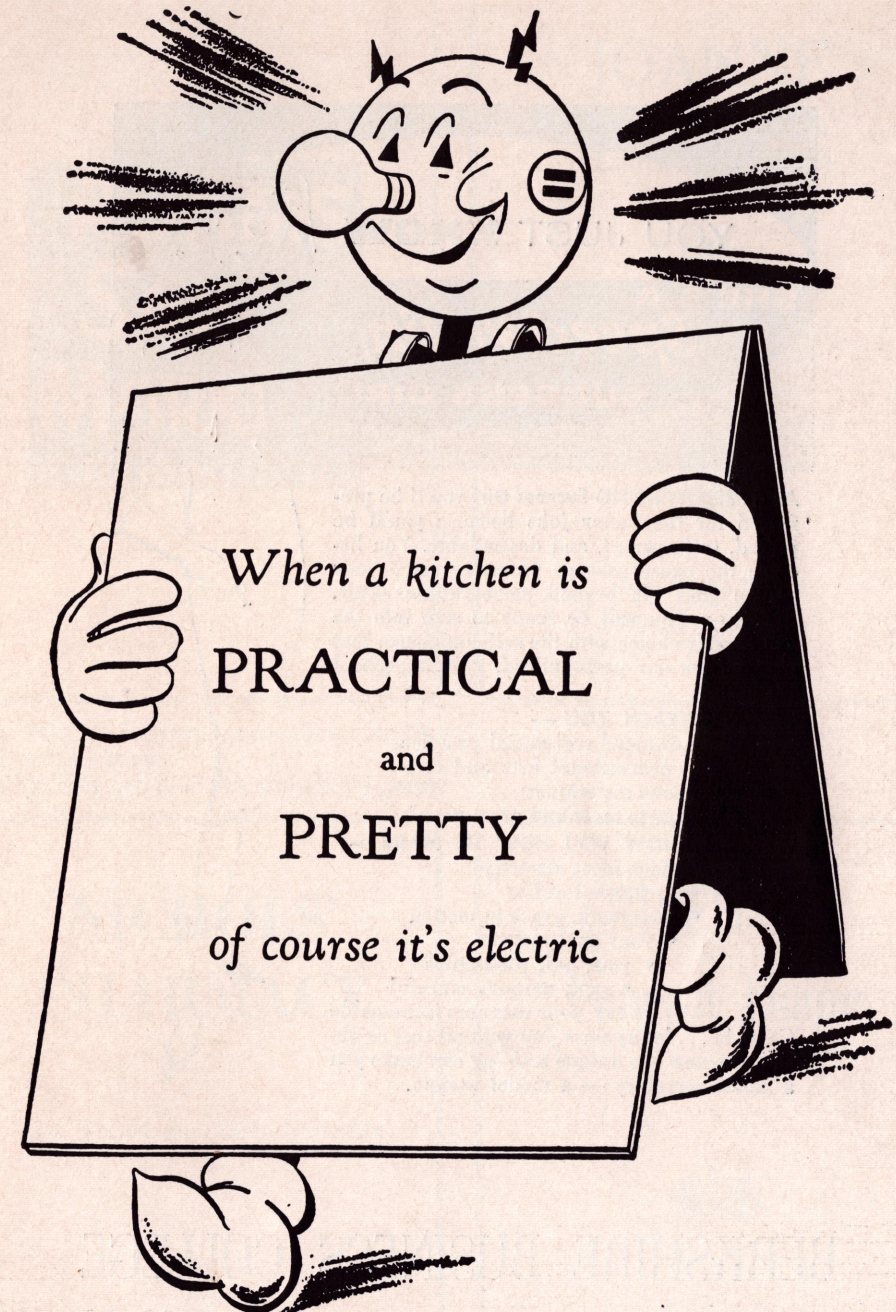
Miss Budd



Mr. Pomerantz

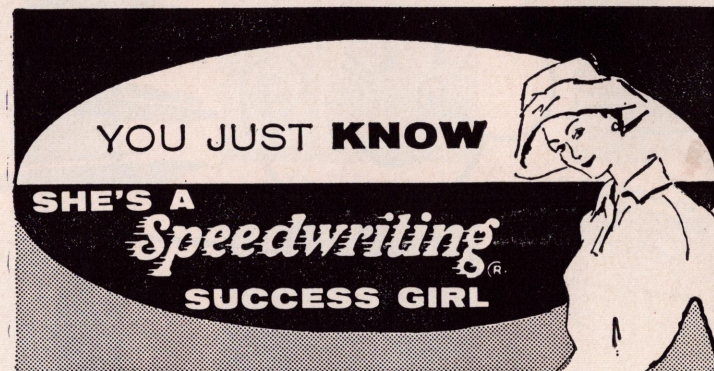
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33



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Sandy: Boss-a-Nova!

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who would they put in?
Jeanne: I don't know, Who? Phil: The Submarines!

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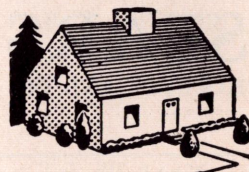
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 Polly: I don't know.
 John: It would be the first herd shot around the world!

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Jeff: Get in the boat!

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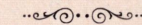
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Mr. Blowe: What is $Ba + Na_2$?
Bruce: Banana!

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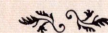
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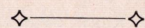
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Palace News



144 North St.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Dec: When you buy eggs at the store, how can you be sure there aren't little chickens in them?

Shirley: Break them?

Dec: No, Buy duck eggs!.

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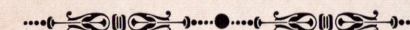


Eagle Printing & Binding Co.

50 PEARL STREET TELEPHONE HI 2-6924



At first I bet you thought this was a joke, but by now you have guessed it is not, but you still keep on reading. Isn't it funny how people who know they are being fooled will read this to the end!



7-Up Bottling Company of Berkshire, Inc.

Royal Crown Bottling Company of Pittsfield

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Compliments
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A
FRIEND

Miss Gultinan: How would you punctuate this sentence?—"I saw a five dollar bill on the sidewalk."

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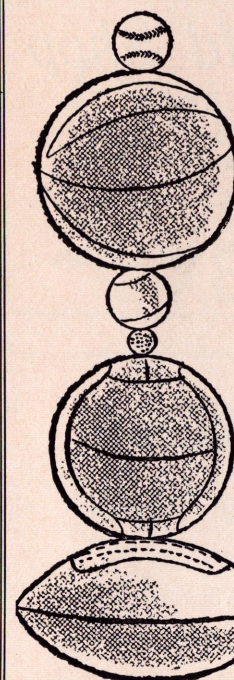
15c HAMBURGERS
SHAKES
FRIES

Across from Allendale Shopping Center

Wayne: Why does a stork stand on one leg?

Janice: I don't know. Why?

Wayne: Because if he lifted the other he'd fall down!



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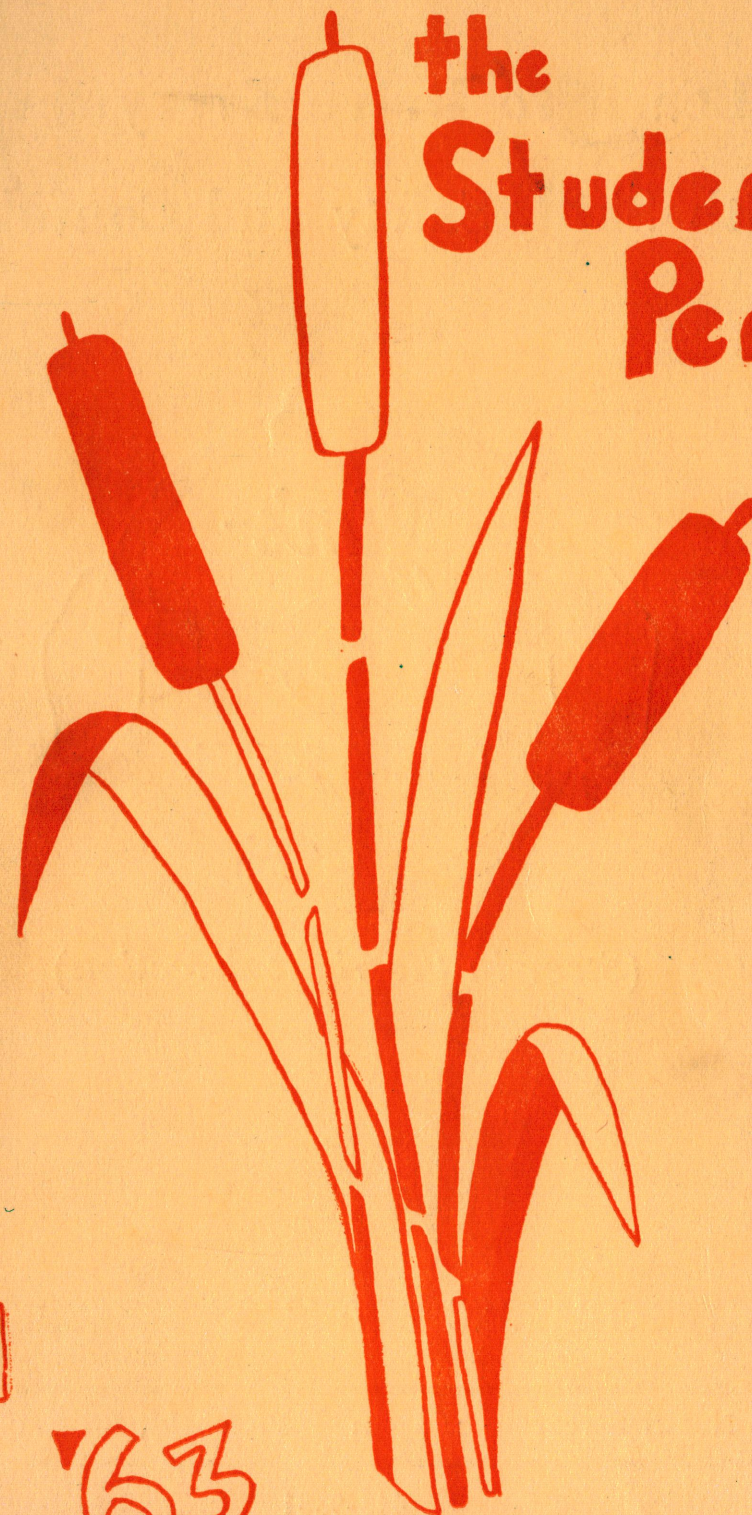
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